

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Old Oak Tree

(alternate:)

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Loud roared the winds, dark grew the night  
And quickly fell the rain  
When Bessie left her own dear home  
Not to return again.  
She left her widowed mother's side  
Not fearing rain nor cold  
For she was young and true to tell  
That love had made her bold.

That very night at ten o'clock  
Beneath the old oak tree  
She promised James, her own true love,  
That with him she would be.  
Then heeding not the drenching rain  
Nor the tempest loudly roar,  
She wrapped her cloak around her  
And walked quickly from the door

The night passed on, the morning came,  
And Bessie came not home.  
Her friends and foes all wondered where  
Poor Bessie could have roamed.  
Her aged mother started up,  
All in an action wild,  
Saying, "I will search the country round  
To find my darling child."

Three long and dreary weeks she spent  
To search the country round.  
Her journey proved of no success,  
For Bessie was not found.  
So then to reach her own dear home  
This poor old widow tried,  
So crushed in grief she then lay down  
And broken-hearted died.

Now in the scene of all her grief  
The owner of the grounds,  
Young Squire Cowans, came one day

To hunt with all his hounds.  
Up hill and dale so quickly fled  
That gallant company  
Until at last they lost the fox  
Beneath the old oak tree.

The hounds began to scratch and tear,  
To tear and scratch the clay,  
And all the horns or whips could do  
Could not drive them away.  
The gentlemen all gathered round  
And called for pick and spade.  
They dug the ground and there they found  
The murdered, missing maid.

There was a knife stuck in her breast,  
While to their grief and shame  
The gentlemen read on the haft  
Young Squire Cowans' name.  
"I done the deed," young Cowans cried,  
"My soul is doomed to hell  
Take that cold corpse out of my sight  
And I the truth will tell.

"Oh, yes, I loved young Bessie dear.  
I played the village best,  
And with my staff I knocked her down.  
I need not tell the rest."  
And he was buried where he fell,  
No Christian grave got he,  
For none was found to bless the ground  
Beneath the old oak tree.

DT #514  
Laws P37  
From Doerflinger